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VOLUME VII.

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NUMBER 48.

## POETRY.

### HOW THE MONEY GOES.

How goes the money?—Well,  
I'm sure it isn't hard to tell;  
It goes for rents and water rates,  
For bread and butter, coal and grates,  
Hats, caps and carpets, hoops and hose,  
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money?—Nay,  
Don't everybody know the way?  
It goes for bonnets, coats and capes,  
Silks, satins, muslins, velvets, crapes,  
Shawls, ribbons, furs, turbelows,  
And that's the way the money goes.

How goes the money?—Sure,  
I wish the ways were somewhat fewer,  
It goes for wages, taxes, debts,  
For paints, pomade, and eau de rose,  
For missions, and such things as those,  
And that's the way the money goes.

How goes the money?—Now,  
I've scarce begun to mention how;  
It goes for feathers, lace, rings,  
Toys, dolls, and other baby's things,  
Whips, whistles, candles, bells and bows,  
And that's the way the money goes.

How goes the money?—Come,  
I know it didn't go for run;  
It goes for schools and Sabbath chimes,  
It goes for charity sometimes,  
For missions, and such things as those,  
And that's the way the money goes.

How goes the money?—There,  
I'm out of patience, I declare!  
It goes for plays, and diamond pins,  
For public alms and private sins,  
For hollow shams and silly shows,  
And that's the way the money goes.

—John G. Saxe.

## STORY TELLER.

### STORY OF AN ACTRESS.

The Little World was nearly com  
pleted—the Little World which was to  
travel something like a satellite to  
this great world we inhabit; to jour  
ney from one end of this vast con  
tinent to the other, in a week's time.  
That is, the busy train was all made  
up, and the inhabitants of the Little  
World, the passengers of the train,  
were taking their appointed places  
for the trip over the long line, which  
crosses the domain of one nation, and  
unites the land of the rising with the  
land of the setting sun. Some were  
busy and brisk, moving here and there,  
before sitting down for the final flour  
ish at the start. Attentive husbands  
were gathering together papers and  
pamphlets, little creature comforts  
for wives, with a flat bottle now and  
then as a creature comfort for them  
selves. Attentive husbands! Yes, for  
attention in such cases is selfishness,  
and all mankind (except you and I,  
reader), is selfish. A paper and a no  
vel will keep a wife quiet for an hour  
or two, and conversation on a railroad  
train is dull, we all know. Silence is  
a salad for a journey—or the first few  
hours of the travel, surely.

The only comparatively unconcern  
ed personages about the depot were  
conductors, brakemen and engineers,  
the phantoms of the Little World.  
They, too, have some interest to see  
who will make the long trip with them  
—to see who are to be their compan  
ions of the iron voyage. Thus, when  
the first bell announces all in readi  
ness, they eye each corner, and with  
native or acquired discernment, seek  
to learn if he or she is to be "fussy"  
and "bothering" or not. There comes  
a stir among loungers—the omnipres  
ent fungi of American railroad sta  
tions, the vendors of flash papers,  
fruit, prize packages and other dys  
pepsia generators mental and moral.  
The something interesting, which ex  
cites them, is a poor, weak, haggard,  
ill-clad woman, who is being support  
ed to the emigrant car by two lusty  
Irishmen, porters or something of that sort.

"Aisy, Tom, aisy! Go along shlow  
loike, for it's huntin' the poor 'ooman  
w' air o' fear."  
"For God's sake, kape off, can't  
yore," cried Tom to the gaping and  
insulting crowd; and amid a throng  
of pushing, caving beings, they pass  
on until the car is reached. Not a  
very comfortable place for a sick wom  
an, is this third-class car; but no one  
of the rough company into which the  
poor woman is brought is unkindly  
of her. They, with one accord, make  
way and give her the most comforta  
ble—or at least comfortable—of the  
seats, and a raw-boned Irish woman  
hastens to help dispose, in the best  
place, her weaker sister. The con  
ductor has barely time to mutter to  
his faithful servant—"That's a bad  
look-out, Sam; she can't last through!"  
—when the whistle shrieks. "All  
aboard" is shouted, and the train  
leaves the Golden Gate for the East  
-ern shores.

There is work to be done by offi  
cials; there are only short spaces of  
time for sentiment at the outset of a  
journey—like "ten minutes for refresh  
ments," which mean a dash and a  
tumble and then on again. But our  
conductor has a heart; he can hurry  
a little more after he has done a kind  
ly act, and will work more cheerfully  
after a pleasant thought. The kind

heart accounts for the appearance of  
a little choice brandy, kept for emerg  
encies—the gift of some appreciative  
traveler in days past. The brandy  
gives a little more life, and the extra  
overcoat, from the conductor's locker  
likewise, gives warmth to the worn  
woman.

The conductor goes about his busi  
ness, pondering and thoughtful. We  
may attend him—you and I—for a  
moment or two, and go forward among  
the "quality folks" in the palace car.  
You and I are first-class people and  
have first-class tickets, so we can have  
no difficulty in passing to the comforts  
and elegance of the Pullman car; we  
can seek the places that laugh at the  
discomforts of travel. They are all  
first-class people in the palace car,  
of course. Here's a merchant. That's  
his wife and that's his daughter; the  
absurd little monkey is his son. Here  
is a banker, and here a rich widow,  
and the "qualitites" of them all is a  
dapper, sleek-looking individual—a  
lawyer, half lawyer, half clergyman, in  
dress, and he apes at goodness, what  
ever be his real worth. He reads the  
last number of the Evangelical Quar  
terly Review, and from his side pock  
ets appear The Samaritan at Home,  
and The Earnest Worker, copies of  
well-known religious journals of the  
day. "No picture papers for him; no,  
sir. Improvement, improvement al  
ways," he says, with a vigorous roll of  
the "r" in improvement. If we could  
look back—by the bye, why can't we?  
We will—we should then see this gen  
tleman a respected member of a large  
attended church. A man well known  
for his eloquence, the delight of chil  
dren and the admiration of the ladies.  
A welcome speaker at Sabbath-school  
concerts, where he dwells feelingly on  
filial gratitude, uprightness, and runs  
poetically through and over the gamut  
of all the Christian virtues. In short,  
a sort of lay preacher, and a most pop  
ular man in the society he affects, be  
sides being a man of flourishing busi  
ness, full of professional engagements.

In a comfortable seat, not far from  
him, sits a woman, unattended, unac  
companied. Marvelously attired! Lac  
es at the throat, laces at the wrists of  
the shawl, even gaudy traveling dress.  
Marvelous garb! but not so marvel  
ous as the wonder and wealth of rich  
blonde hair which adorns her head,  
and which gives, by its elegant and  
across the forehead, a saucy offset to  
the dark eyes and dark eye-lashes be  
neath. The blonde hair is a contradic  
tion to nature, and the flashing jew  
els in the ear and upon the one bare  
hand are contradictions to good taste.  
So society says, and society has tick  
ets to the palace car. She is socially  
ostracized, it seems. All else in the  
car have, in the first hour of travel,  
become intimate, or at least friend  
ly. She alone is left out of the seven  
-days' home circle. All seem to  
avoid her. "Why?" "Well, I cannot  
say, can you? Do you know her?"  
(This is a little conversation between  
you and me, reader.) "Well, yes," (I  
answer) "by sight. Her face is famili  
ar to me from the windows of apoth  
ecaries' shops, and even from bar-room  
windows and street posters; and one  
evening I saw that face behind foot  
lights. Then, I heard a fine voice  
singing badly-written songs from the  
stage of the Seventy-seventh street  
theatre, not to be too particular as to  
places. There is no doubt she is fa  
mous, (the lawyer would say "notori  
ous"). An actress, the "highly-talented,  
charming Marie Mignonette." She  
is returning east to play an engage  
ment in the northern States, and al  
ready Boston and New York herald  
in public print her approaching ad  
vent as a stellar attraction. If you  
sit beside the lawyer and listen to his  
low-toned conversation with the mer  
chant's wife you will hear all about  
her. Strange he should know of her,  
isn't it? He says she is "a bad wom  
an, who follows a bad calling; a play  
actor, a burlesquer. Yet I am told  
she has two children, dearly loved and  
kindly cared for, and her husband, in  
the same profession as herself, could  
not ask for a more faithful wife. Now  
you know as much as I do about her."

But if anyone else slights her, and  
looks askance at her handsome face,  
our conductor cannot; nor does he  
wish to. Indeed, his walk through the  
cars completed, he returns, and with  
a remembrance of one or two jol  
ly evenings passed at the theatre, seeks  
a conversation with her. The con  
ductor finds her most charming in a  
conversational way. Her bright eyes  
are almost dangerous to him, whose  
sentiment, coal smoke, Westinghouse  
brakes, and all his jolting have not  
been able to destroy. Naturally he  
speaks of the woman in the "third  
-class car." The dangerous eyes of  
the wicked actress turn sorrowful, and  
fill with pitying tears. Tears are not  
far off, often, from the sparkle of a  
drinking song.

"Can I go into that car?" she asks.  
"You can; but it is no place for a  
gentle lady like you," replied the con  
ductor.

"A place good enough for a woman  
is good enough for me," she says, and  
they betake themselves, she in the

conductor's care, to the comparative  
squalor of the "third-class car."

The wayfarer is asleep. Her gray  
hair grows scant and thin off from  
her wrinkled forehead, and her deep,  
dull set eyes are shut out from the  
light. A gentle hand passes over that  
wrinkled forehead, and a soothing  
touch seems to give comfort to that  
sleep. At once some little means of  
alleviating the troubles of the rough  
journey are sent for, to be brought  
from the palace car, then the actress  
thoughtfully returns. The first visit  
is not the last. Twice, thrice, in each  
day, and always once each evening,  
the same journey is made, from soft  
cushioned seats to the hard benches  
of the common car, the journey sel  
dom empty handed. Others learn of  
the poor woman's existence, but "oth  
ers" only have words at a distance, by  
way of comfort and help.

Each morning the lawyer, chosen,  
it appears, naturally, to the place of  
the chaplain, reads a prayer, or re  
peats one, and then betakes himself  
to conversation and to reading. She,  
the actress, listens with attention to  
the prayer, and betakes herself upon  
her comforting journey, happy to win  
a "God bless you lady!" from the thin  
lips.

One bright, warm day, the blonde  
-haired daughter of Melpomene sits  
along by the side of the sufferer. The  
afternoon sun slants in the car win  
dow, throwing a gleam of golden au  
tumn to the fast moving company.  
The rush and whirl of the train cannot  
keep out the song of birds, and the air  
is refreshed by melody and sun  
light. The melody fills the heart, and  
the sunlight makes her who is beauti  
ful beneath calcine light, and the  
glare of the theatre, more beautiful  
still. As she sits, her fair, round arm  
supporting the older woman, the rough  
passengers around are silent, and will  
not disturb the two who seem to have  
confidence one for the other. As the  
day hastens on to join the night, the  
iron leader aiding in that haste and  
carrying the Little World farther, each  
second, towards the darker east, the  
"Old Lady," as she is called by the  
fellow passengers, tells her story.

The low voice faltered at times, and  
was difficult to be heard; but the ac  
tress bent low and with close attention  
listened.

"It's many years ago, dear lady,  
though it doesn't seem so long to me,  
since I was young and pretty. They  
told me often I was pretty, and many  
men looked sharp at me as I passed  
through the streets of the great city  
in the east—the great city where we  
are going. I was a girl in the theatre,  
a ballet girl, though I never danced  
much except with the rest in the chorus,  
as we used to call it. You can't know  
anything about the theatres behind  
the scenes, maybe ["More than you  
think, dear," interrupted the listener],  
but perhaps you know they don't think  
the common girls, the simple dancers,  
are very good. I know they often are  
good—the help and support of fami  
lies. I tried to be a good girl, and am  
certain no one could find fault with  
anything I said or did. They said I  
was pretty, and sometimes a man would  
tell me I could do better than to be a  
chorus girl—the "better," I understood  
was the worst which might happen to  
me, and I was content as I was. Some  
times I sang, and once a great actor  
told me, if I would study, I could be  
an actress worth money to any theatre.  
They were all kind to me at the the  
atre, and I was always well treated.  
The stage hands, the carpenters, and  
the scene-shifters all had a pleasant  
word for me of an evening. One man,  
he was young, hearty and handsome,  
was kinder to me than all the rest.  
He always took the trouble to come to  
me and say "Good evening, Nelly," and  
many a pleasant chat we had, while  
waiting for turn to go on. He was a  
stage carpenter's assistant, only, but  
he was a faithful workman, and earned  
good wages for those times. How I  
came to know he cared much for me,  
loved me, isn't easy to tell, though it  
was easy for me to learn. The little  
things told his love. He would now  
and then bring me a flower to the  
theatre, and many an evening, when it  
was stormy and dull, he would wait  
to go home with me. That was after the  
time when a rude man, one evening,  
tried to kiss me at the stage entrance.  
Jack—that was the friend—struck the  
man down, and was ever afterwards  
more and more careful of me. He did  
love me, and I learned to love him  
dearly, too. We were married, one  
day, and I went to live with him in a  
little set of rooms a good ways from the  
theatre. Oh, lady, we were so happy,  
and everything seemed like some bright  
scenes from the theatre front, only the  
scene was more real, and we were truly  
happy and contented. I still kept my  
place at the theatre, and we went to  
and fro together, never missing a  
night till a short time before my baby  
was born, and we had been married nigh  
three years when baby came, a dear  
boy that we loved as our lives. Then I  
stayed at home and John would go alone  
to work. When he came home late o'  
nights he would always wake me up

with a kiss, and would go to look at  
the boy in the cradle, and would seem  
so glad and happy, as he sat smoking  
his pipe before going to bed. John  
kept doing better and better, and was  
at last made stage carpenter, while the  
baby grew and grew, and came to be a  
strong, lusty boy, the pride of all our  
days. We were never tired of talking  
what we would do for him when he  
grew up. He should have a gentle  
man's education. He should have all  
our savings, and we were more saving  
every day for little Jack's sake. Please  
God, he should have a life of ease.  
Well, time passed, and Jack went to  
school, and was soon far beyond our  
knowledge. His father used to sit and  
wonder and was silent, thinking of the  
things Jack knew, and of which he had  
no understanding. Our boy was the  
pride of the school; we were told what  
a smart boy he was. We dressed him  
handsome, too, and he was a fine-look  
ing lad as ever was. Years went by,  
and we saved and saved more and  
more. Then a little girl came to me;  
but she died and Jack was left our only  
hope and pleasure. It seems but  
yesterday since Jack went to college  
—Yes! We sent him to college, for  
my John kept on doing well, and we  
had enough for it. While he was in  
college we went to see him, proud to  
go where our boy was; but it breaks  
my heart to say it—although he ap  
peared glad to come home to us, he  
didn't seem easy to have us come to  
him. We weren't like the other boy's  
fathers and mothers. About two years  
after he went to the university, Jack  
came home one day, with bright face,  
and said in gladdest voice, "Tom  
Burchmore—Tom, you know, mother,  
with whom I passed my last vacation,  
brought me word from his father that  
he would take me into his office to  
study for the law when I've graduated.  
Tom's going, too, and it is the best  
office in New York."

"We were glad, very glad. I remem  
ber his father saying to Jack that even  
ing, "My lad I want to talk to you se  
rious like. When you go there into  
that law office, your having an igno  
rant, common father and mother (God  
bless her!) may be a hindrance to you  
in your life. We love you well, as I  
needn't say; you're all to us; but if  
you'll only come once in a while to  
see us, or let us hear from you, we'll  
never care how or whether you write  
our old bodies and common ways.  
We've done all we can for you, and  
hope you'll succeed. The best we can  
wish is for you, Jack."

"I remember, too, Jack laughed, and  
a tear was in his eye as he kissed us  
both and said, "Do you think me mean  
enough for that? I'll be your true, du  
tiful son, if I get to be President of  
the United States, or if I never amount  
to any thing, I'll be the same in my  
love for you." We believed him.

"Well! he did graduate, and he did  
become a lawyer. He lived far away  
from us; but we heard that he was  
succeeding mightily grandly. At first  
he came to see us once a week, then  
once a month, of a Sunday, and he  
seemed glad to come. He said he was  
busy or he would come oftener. I  
don't know how his father found it out  
but we heard that our Jack was pay  
ing attention to Mr. Burchmore's  
daughter.

"When Jack didn't come of a Sun  
day his father would say, kinder trem  
bling in his voice, "I suppose he's aw  
ful busy, and hasn't time to come to  
us. He hasn't been for a long time,  
dear, has he?"

"We never saw Jack again! Heaven  
bless him! We never sought him. I  
suppose it was natural, with his fine as  
sociates, that we should be a shame to  
him, and we forgave him every day.  
My heart ached and ached, and when  
one day, after rehearsal, they brought  
my man home, dead, dead, I suppose  
I went crazy. He had fallen from a  
staging, and only lived to say "Love  
—Nelly—Jack."

"He was buried many days when I  
came to my real senses, and I was in  
an hospital. I thought often I'd hunt  
for Jack. Perhaps he'd receive me,  
now his father was dead; but then I  
said to myself if he is happy and do  
ing well I won't trouble him—I'll wait,  
and I did wait, with no hearing of  
Jack; living in the old house, working  
hard for a living so as to save what  
little John had left me; but it all went  
into my sickness; I lived in the same  
house so if Jack should come he might  
easily find me. Two years went by  
and I gave up all hope.

"It's only a little more to tell. Some  
good people, neighbors, were going to  
California to live, and asked me to go  
with them. I went, and was glad to  
go from where I was so unhappy. So  
I came and lived here, worked hard  
and sadly. My neighbors from the  
East all passed away and I was left  
alone. I began to feel all worn and ach  
ing, and at the hospital they said I would  
not get much help from medicine, and  
I felt I hadn't many days left here.  
Oh! how I wanted to lie beside my  
dear John! I must go, I said, and I  
sold all I had to get enough with what  
I had saved to go east. If I could  
but reach there, see my boy's face once  
more, and then lie in the grave beside

my good man dead, I'd be satisfied, it  
seemed."

The tears which came to her dull  
old eyes, and coursed down her sunk  
cheeks, were mated and companioned  
by tears from the eyes of the blonde  
-haired woman. The story was ended,  
and the life was nearly ended with the  
story.

The next day the conductor came to  
the actress, early, and said:

"I'm afraid the old lady is dying."  
It was fresh and bright in the morn  
ing air, and the sun had not dried  
away the moisture and dew which  
hung upon the edge of the cars or  
from the railings of the platforms.  
The old lady was just on the rim of  
rest and peace, and the few breaths re  
maining came with panting and diffi  
culty. A kiss on the brow of the dy  
ing woman and the actress hastened  
back to her own car. For the first  
time on her journey she spoke to all  
assembled. She said:

"Will not some kind gentleman  
among you come to my help, or rather  
to the help of a dying woman in an  
other car? God knows we all need  
help sometime, and He will remember  
the one who helps her."

No one stirred.  
"Will not some one come and say a  
last prayer? You, sir, you have each  
morning said the Christian service  
among your friends, and I have listen  
ed," she said to the lawyer; "will you  
not come and pray with the dying wom  
an?"

He hesitated. An old woman in  
the corner of the car said, "Madame,  
I will go with you." Then spoke up  
in shame the lawyer and said, "I will  
go."

The open window in the car let in a  
soft, mild breeze, and the morning sun  
was life-giving even in the presence of  
death.

They entered the car.  
"My good woman," he said—it  
seemed he could patronize a death-bed  
—"what can I do for you?" The actress  
bent in pity over the hardly breathing  
form.

A sudden start, a spasmodic lift of the  
body, and the eyes of the dying woman  
came wide open. With breath only  
enough left to speak a few words, the  
cry came from her lips:

"My boy! My boy! Come back.  
Thank God, I am content. Kiss me  
once, for all these long years."

She died, and the actress, with a  
terrible woe upon his face, he murmur  
ed with an anguish superlative in the  
tone:

"God forgive me, who am the lowest  
of sinners."

But she died in her son's arms, a  
son repentant and ashamed to the core  
of his heart. He who had lived a lie,  
met the truth, the truth and death to  
gether, and acknowledged his sin.

The little more is soon told.  
A simple garment of the blonde wom  
an served for the burial garb of the  
old woman. Fair jewelled hands  
paid the last offices for the sister who  
had worn out doing her duty; the  
life that had been made brighter at its  
close by the deeds and serving of this  
"wicked" actress.

We may have all seen her since upon  
the stage, gay, light and trivial. I have,  
and when I saw, I thought as I heard  
her song: There are many, many lit  
tle worlds in and about this great  
world, and you cannot always tell a  
Samaritan man—by his door-plate, or  
by the clothes he wears; neither can  
you a Samaritan woman.—Boston  
Traveler.

## CONDENSED NEWS.

—In one week a Naples merchant  
fished up ten tons of coral.

—Alderman Knight, of London,  
recently fined a butcher £20 for ex  
posing diseased meat.

—The Elders, the Clyde shipbuild  
ers, will soon discharge 1,200 workmen  
because they have nothing for them to  
do.

—Rev. Charles H. Webber, pastor  
of a Baptist church in Saco, Me., has  
eloped with a young woman of his con  
gregation.

—The police and all concerned in  
the search for the body of A. T. Stew  
art are said to be very reticent in re  
gard to any new discoveries as to its  
whereabouts.

—No season within memory has  
been so unfortunate for the Greenland  
whale fleet as that just past. The  
whole Scotch fleet secured but six  
whales, and one steamer was totally  
lost.

—A strike, after the 1st of January,  
is talked of by the cabinet-makers of  
New York, of whom there are about 3,000.  
The late strike of the Chicago cabinet  
-makers is said to have resulted in an  
advance of from 10 to 20 per cent.

—A lamp overturned in the St. Lou  
is sleeping car on the Baltimore and  
Ohio Railroad, at 2 A. M., November  
17th. The 35 passengers escaped in  
their night clothes, losing all their  
smaller clothing, money, and jewelry.  
No one was hurt, but the car was en  
tirely destroyed.

## SYMPATHETIC SILENCE.

[New York Herald, Nov. 14, 1878.]

"Can there be no sympathy without  
the gabble of words?" asks Charles  
Lamb. He who believes there cannot  
should attend a gathering of deaf-mutes  
such as a *Herald* reporter witnessed  
yesterday afternoon at the Home, No.  
220 East Thirteenth street. Every  
year the inmates of this modest man  
sion hold a reception and fair, and an  
interesting occasion it is. The report  
er made his call between five and six  
o'clock in the afternoon and found the  
house brilliantly lighted, and at the  
door he met a bevy of young men and  
women going in. They were laughing  
among themselves, as is the custom of  
young men and women the world over,  
so the reporter addressed them. "Is  
this the Home for Aged and Infirm  
Deaf-Mutes?" he inquired. His answer  
was a peal of merry laughter. "Am I  
the subject of their mirth," he wonder  
ed, "or have I intruded upon some  
private gathering, that my question is  
received in so strange a matter?" At  
this moment the door of the house  
opened and a flood of light revealed  
half a dozen hands passing wildly  
through the air. The mystery was ex  
plained. The party going in kissed  
their fingers to the lady at the door, a  
salutation she returned by a similar  
gesture; then they all placed their hands  
upon their hearts and bowed. The re  
porter was somewhat at a loss as to  
how he should make his wants known,  
having but the merest acquaintance  
with the sign language, picked up many  
years ago at school for the purpose of  
talking behind the teacher's back. The  
hall was full of people, but the  
silence was as profound as in a wilder  
ness. Hearing the clatter of knives  
and forks in the distance he penetrated  
to a far-off dining room, and there  
found the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet drink  
ing a cup of tea with a party of ladies  
and gentlemen. Here the silence was  
broken with words.

## THE MUTES AT HOME.

The Reverend Doctor's benevolent  
face overspread with smiles at an ac  
count of the reporter's difficulty in  
making himself understood, and he  
immediately took him in charge. "This  
home," said he, "is under the care of  
the Church Mission for Deaf-mutes, and  
is supported entirely by voluntary  
contributions. As you may imagine,  
there are few people more helpless  
than aged and infirm deaf-mutes. They  
can do nothing for their own support,  
and they require a great deal of care.  
We have eleven inmates now, six of  
whom are old men. The ages range  
from sixty to seventy-two and three.  
There are no class of unfortunates in  
the world who get so discouraged as  
these. They seem to lose all hope un  
less they are taken care of, and give  
themselves to despair. But when pro  
vided with a home they are a remarkably  
cheerful set of people. Two of the  
women we have here are nearly blind  
as well as deaf and dumb." "Do you  
have many applicants?" inquired the  
reporter. "Yes, indeed, more than we  
can possibly accommodate. We are  
very anxious to obtain funds sufficient  
to get a farm or house with a garden,  
where we can have shops, so that the  
inmates will have something to employ  
themselves with. We have already got  
\$5,500 to that end, and hope before  
long to have more. Come up stairs and  
I'll show you how they live." The re  
porter followed Dr. Gallaudet and soon  
found himself on the second floor,  
where a miniature fair was in process.  
Tables were placed across the room, on  
which were strewn mats, tidies, and  
other fancy work done by deaf-mutes.  
The room was full of women, young  
and old, but the bargaining and selling  
were done in profound silence. No  
cries of "Cash!" distracted the ears of  
the purchaser, and if the buyer had  
anything to say about her purchase she  
expressed herself without words. Up  
another flight of stairs and the reporter  
came upon the old men's quarters.  
Some were reading, some were talking



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOV. 28, 1878.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 12.50. If not paid within six months, 2.50. Money prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter. 62 Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

63 A prominent feature of the JOURNAL is its "Mutual Auxiliary," the object of which is to render pecuniary aid to the heirs, or assigns, of its deceased subscribers. The plan, briefly, is as follows: Every subscriber of the JOURNAL, who is in good health at the time of subscribing, having paid one year's subscription in advance, and continuing a regularly paid-up yearly subscription, will be enrolled a member of the "Mutual Auxiliary." Upon the death of any such subscriber the present proprietor and the future proprietors of the JOURNAL, upon receiving satisfactory information of such death, will transmit, within thirty days after the expiration of the year, (the year commencing April 1st and ending March 31st), to the heirs, or assigns, of such deceased subscriber the sum of 25 cents for each subscription received for the JOURNAL, thus: if the subscriber received for the JOURNAL amounts to 1,000 subscribers, the said heirs, or assigns, will receive the sum of \$250; if 2,000 subscribers, \$500; if 50,000 subscribers, \$12,500, and so on. If two or more deaths occur within the year the said sum shall be equally divided and forwarded to the heirs, or assigns, of each of the deceased. In case, however, no death occurs during the year the said sum or sums shall accrue to the benefit of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. It will be seen that this is an unparalleled inducement to subscribers, considering that they will also receive one of the most interesting, and cheapest papers published in America. A certificate of membership to the subscribers "Mutual Auxiliary" will be sent to each paid-up subscriber, and such subscribers shall remain in good standing, and entitled to its benefits, so long as they renew, regularly, their yearly subscriptions.

This Auxiliary plan is no "catch-penny concern," but is devised with intentions most honorable, namely: For the purpose of enlarging the circulation of the paper, and building up a fund for the benefit of the heirs of its patrons.

64 Many hearing people take the JOURNAL, all of whom place a high estimate on its worth. Now, if many more would subscribe for it they would be helping the paper, the deaf-mute subscribers, and benefiting themselves.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

THE undersigned, a resident of—county—, being in good health, and desiring to become a member of the "Mutual Auxiliary," herewith encloses one dollar and fifty cents as his subscription to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and promises to pay one dollar and fifty cents every year, in advance, as his subscription to the same during his natural life; or, failing to make such payments, to forfeit all claims against the "Mutual Auxiliary."

For the benefit of—

Subscriber.

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Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,

Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

POSTPONED.

Having a large amount of correspondence and notices on hand, we are under the necessity of postponing the publication of several articles till next week, when the balance will appear in our paper.

SEND IN THE "ITEMS."

Our subscribers are cordially invited, and urged, to send in for publication all the news scraps of importance occurring within their knowledge, or without their personal knowledge if they can rely upon the veracity of their informants.

A large number of our readers have expressed great pleasure in reading the "Itemizer" columns, which constitute quite a budget of news every week. Desiring to indulge the tastes of a large number, we intend to make the "Itemizer" columns more than ever heretofore interesting, and shall be able to do so if our friends will take a little more pains to furnish interesting and short news scraps for that purpose. Please send us items concerning the deaf and dumb.

THE FROG OPERA.

The curiosity of our readers has, no doubt, become excited to know more about the Frog Opera, which is to be given at the Academy of Music, Oswego, N. Y., Nov. 29th and 30th, for the benefit of the Oswego Orphan Asylum. This novel extravaganza was originally written for the Amateur Society, connected with a fashionable charity Association of Providence, R. I., where it was produced for the first time in February, 1873.

This charming entertainment is a great success wherever it is brought out. Of it the Albany Evening Journal of Wednesday says:

Briefly, the "Frog" he would a wooing go, and the story of that wooing and its unfortunate termination, furnish the occasion for stringing together a bewildering musical pantomimic, embracing snatches of airs and trios and duets and choruses from nearly all the operas and nearly all the masters in music. The dramatic personae frogs, rats, cats, mice and gipsies, and much ingenuity is displayed by the singers in making the costumes indicate the characters they assume. The dressing is really one of the feat-

ures of the representation, and at times the scene on the stage is dazzling in its wealth of color. The piece throughout is productive of the most uproarious fun and merriment, and when the performers are inspired by the crowded houses, which will inevitably greet them from this on, the entertainment will be one worth a journey to witness and listen to.

The leading parts, with the exception of Prince Frog, and also the chorus, are filled by gentlemen and ladies of this city. Altogether the representation of the Frog Opera is quite an event, and everybody who enjoys music and fun should witness it.

Appointments of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Prof. Job Turner for January and February, 1879.

|                                    |  |
|------------------------------------|--|
| Frederick City, Md., Jan. 8, 1879. |  |
| Romey, W. Va., " 9 & 10 "          |  |
| Stanton, Va., " 11, 12 & 13 "      |  |
| Richmond, Va., " 15, "             |  |
| Petersburg, Va., " 16, "           |  |
| Raleigh, N. C., " 19, "            |  |
| Cedar Springs, S. C., " 21, "      |  |
| Adams, Ga., " 23, "                |  |
| Athens, Ga., " 26, "               |  |
| Knoxville, Tenn., " 28, "          |  |
| Cave Spring, Ga., " 30, "          |  |
| Tallahassee, Fla., " 31, "         |  |
| Montgomery, Ala., Feb. 2, "        |  |
| Mobile, Ala., " 4, "               |  |
| Jackson, Miss., " 7, "             |  |
| New Orleans, La., " 9, "           |  |
| Savannah, Ga., " 11, "             |  |
| Charleston, S. C., " 13, "         |  |
| Columbia, S. C., " 14, "           |  |
| Wilmington, N. C., " 16, "         |  |
| Norfolk, Va., " 19, "              |  |
| Baltimore, Md., " 23, "            |  |

Prof. Job Turner will officiate in Baltimore, and Dr. Gallaudet in New York, on the 23d of February. Mr. Turner expects to itinerate through Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee during the months of March, April and May. Then he will take the New England field again for the summer and a part of the fall. He has gone to Canada for two or three weeks at the request of W. J. Palmer, principal of the Ontario Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, who takes so deep an interest in the moral, intellectual, and religious welfare of the deaf-mutes of the Dominion. On his return from Canada, he will be in Buffalo, Rochester, Geneva, Syracuse, Rome, Mexico, Watertown, Albany, New York, &c.

ENGLAND IN CYPRUS.

The occupation of Cyprus by the British Government is more of an event than at first sight appears. Its geographical situation makes its possession by a distant power a formidable menace to the rest of the world, and it would not be strange if Russia, France, and other nations, perhaps Austria and Italy, should find that the old balance of power is disturbed by the preponderating influence of England in the centre of the eastern seas.

Cyprus has a history, and the literature of the world is full of allusions to all involved in the story of this little island. It is about 148 miles long; it is 4,500 square miles in surface, and its population, once counted by millions, is now about the tenth of one million. Under the Phenicians, Assyrians, Persians, and Egyptians, the Greeks, Romans, and more than all, under the Venetians, it has flourished as the abode of luxury, wealth, and taste. The discoveries of General Cernolli, now making rich the galleries of our Metropolitan Art Museum, show us the successive stages of civilization through which the island has passed. The Venue of Paphos was fabled to have risen from the foam of the sea on its shores, a myth that was born of the beauty that dwells in the bays and along the shores of Cyprus. Temples of unsurpassed magnificence have mouldered into ruins, and on the ruins other temples have risen and perished. The soil yields all manner of fruits. Grapes and olives, cotton and tobacco, dyewoods and drugs, minerals and mud, have been the productions of the island.

Three hundred years it has been in the hands of the Turks, and, of course, it has been decaying, until it has ceased to be of any interest or importance. By the new treaty made with the British Government, to the astonishment of the world, this historical island becomes the strategic point of observation, defence, and perhaps offence, in the eastern waters. It is the most eastern Mediterranean isle; midway between the shores of Syria and of Asia Minor; and as the British now have Gibraltar at the opening, Malta in the midst, and Cyprus at the end of the Mediterranean, they may be said to have the command of the Great Sea.

The British Government now assumes the protectorate of Turkey. All the power she employs will be for the advancement of Christian civilization, and the religious world will rejoice with thanksgiving that the same government which has so long been beneficent in India will, for the present at least, be felt for good where the despotism of the "unspeakable Turk" has been for four centuries supreme.

Thus the Kingdom of God is extended, as the powers of darkness are put down, and peace established in the earth. The difficulties which England will encounter are indeed great. It will be often defeated in its attempts to secure order and honesty, religious liberty, but so far as the terms of the treaty will justify its interference, we know that the new power will be exerted for the progress and happiness of the people who have been for ages under the iron heel of the False Prophet.

We can be spared the pain of Rheumatism by the timely and regular use of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Then why suffer any longer?

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: The Itemizer.

MILTON W. Carr, a deaf-mute, is a compositor on the Sparta, Ill., Plaindealer.

The boys and girls of the Kansas Institution are taking exercise by running races.

The Virginia Institution pupils enjoyed a half-holiday on Thursday, November 14th.

The water works are expected soon to be ready for the use of the Colorado Institution.

Ex-Principal Kinney, of the Nebraska Institution, is in the mercantile business at Iowa City.

The superintendent of the Colorado Institution has erected a large wing for the female pupils.

The baker at the Illinois Institution shot seven wild ducks, and a wild goose which weighed 12 pounds.

The Maryland Institution will have gymnasium exercises, and so has the Iowa College for the blind.

George W. Walthall, of the Missouri Institution, has been appointed teacher at the Texas Institution.

The Colorado Institution folks will not have to go to Hartford to eat apples; they now have some at home.

Some of the boys at the Colorado Institution lately had a time of great rejoicing when a new cook was procured.

Miss Ellen W. Evans, of Rome, N. Y., visited our family, and other friends in this vicinity, a few days last week.

Professor McGregor and his assistant, Robert King, have 30 pupils in the Cincinnati Day School for Deaf-Mutes.

Miss Vance, a teacher at the Texas Institution, lately received a fine present from her father. It was a horse and buggy.

A deaf-mute tramp, claiming to be a book agent, lately visited the Virginia Institution, and stayed as long as he was allowed to.

Edmond S. Paxton, who last June graduated from the West Virginia Institution, expects to go to Kansas in a few weeks.

A pupil at the Illinois Institution was asked "What is made in Wisconsin?" He replied "Wisconsin was made in maple sugar."

Two older boys of the American Asylum have formed a military company. Charlie Slocum drills them two evenings every week.

The pupils of the West Virginia Institution lately enjoyed a holiday on the occasion of the marriage of one of the principal daughters.

Two foremen of the cabinet-shop at the Michigan Institution have nearly completed some desks and seats combined for the school-rooms.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, from the mountains, lately visited the Colorado Institution, and expressed satisfaction with the progress of their son.

Mr. F. J. Wolfson, of Springfield, O., is now on the editorial staff of the Cincinnati Daily Enquirer. He is a graduate of the Ohio Institution.

Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, the latter a tailor at the West Virginia Institution, have six boys. Number 6, nearly a twelve-pounder, arrived on the 5th inst.

A tramp was lately entertained by a substantial meal at the Colorado Institution, but emphatically answered "no" and said when invited to do a little work.

Mr. Thomas Turner, of Clinton, a graduate of the Ohio Institution, has recently fallen heir to relative M. Vernon, Ind.

Mr. Stone, Principal of the American Asylum, has received quite a number of subscriptions for the Daily News. This shows that the former pupils are still interested in it.

THOMAS PAGE, foreman of the shoe shop at the Michigan Institution, was recently drawn upon the United States grand jury, and had to spend two weeks at jail in Detroit.

Mr. Edwin W. Dean, white, and Miss Semmer Day, colored, of Tiffin, O., were recently married at Akron, Rev. Mr. Miller officiating. They received their education at Columbus, O.

SAVING THE HARTFORD DAILY NEWS. One of the new pupils, named Julia Spaulding, from South Royalton, Mass., died at the institution this morning after an illness of only four days.

Dr. Searinger, attending physician at the Texas Institution, has returned home. He is one of the physicians who took his life in his hands and went to help sufferers of the yellow fever.

The oldest son of Mr. Stone, our principal, will be one year old if he lives three hundred and sixty-four days more. His name will probably be Edward C. Stone, junior.—Daily News, Nov. 13, 1878.

LAST week Hon. P. T. Barnum extended an invitation to the pupils of the New York Institution, through Dr. Post, to visit his great show. It is not yet known whether or not the invitation will be accepted.

As Ben Butler is reported to have once said something to the effect that "deaf-mutes are half-witted animals," the Colorado Institution pupils are rejoicing at his recent defeat at the Massachusetts election.

We have a boy in this Institution who can hear and understand all that is said to him, but he can't say a word, not even pa and ma. But when the boys begin to poke their fun at him, he can be felt in the region of the nose.—Texas Mute Ranger.

RICHARDS and HICKS, deaf-mutes, whose names are on our subscription list, are manufacturers of and dealers in boots, shoes, and rubbers, of which they keep a considerable stock. They also neatly repair boots and shoes at their place of business, Roanoke, Ind.

At the chapel of the West Virginia Institution, on the morning of the 12th inst., Mr. Garrett W. Parsons was married to Miss M. Avery Covell, daughter of the principal of the institution. The ceremony was performed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Peterkin, assisted by Rev. J. Dudley Ferguson, of Moorfield, W. Va.

Mr. Freddie Glos is a cattle farmer who has 280 acres of land, and lots of cattle, hogs, horses, etc. He lives in Wayne, Ill. He is 21 years old, and getting rich. He has also a large cheese factory. He is to build a nice new house this fall, and has promised a good wife girl that he would marry her. Good for him! O. K.—Ex.

A few days since one of the lately married teachers of the New York Institution was observed superintending the shoveling of a ton of coal into his cellar. The next day he was affected with chills and a bad cold. Verily matrimonial life is not so sweet and tender as love-laced poets vie with each other in making it appear to be.

Miss Elizabeth Taylor, who is employed in the household of the editor of the JOURNAL, has been unwell with throat difficulty for several weeks, and is now confined to her bed. Her doctor, G. P. Johnson, M. D., of this village, pronounces her disease diphtheria. It is hoped that with kind treatment she will soon recover from her

sickness sufficiently to be able to be about the house again.

A graduate of the Blind Department of the Institution, Mr. W. H. Oshitsky, is a divinity student at Union Theological Seminary. The faculty naturally supposed he would be unable to do anything with Hebrew, and advised him against studying it. But he undertook it, and we learn through one of the professors, is making excellent progress in it. He needs a set of Hebrew characters in raised print, however.—Goodson Gazette.

Rev. Mr. Baldwin, a former steward of the asylum from 1847 to 1854, preached to the pupils in the chapel yesterday afternoon. His subject was the story of Samuel and Eli. The pupils were much interested in his sermon, which Mr. Stone interpreted to them by signs. Mr. Baldwin now resides with his wife about half a mile west of the asylum, near the house of his brother-in-law, Rev. Mr. Camp, who was formerly a valued teacher in the asylum for twenty-six years, from 1838 to 1864.—Daily News, Nov. 11, 1878.

According to the Daily News Mr. Crockett, the assistant steward of the American Asylum, is one of the government weather-observers of that city. He has charge of two instruments, which show and record the variations of the weather from day to day. The highest record of the thermometer at the asylum during the last month was 76 degrees on Oct. 18th. The lowest record was 31 degrees two days after. The two instruments are kept locked up in a case upon the north outside wall of the school building. Mr. Crockett has been a very careful and faithful observer for many years.

Miss Sarah Mather, a very interesting lady from St. Augustine, Florida, made a short visit at the asylum last week. She taught some of the Indian captives from the West, last year, at the United States Fort in St. Augustine. Last spring fifteen of them were removed to the school for colored people at Hampton, Va. Miss Mather said that they were very intelligent and improved well while she taught them. She is now visiting them at Hampton, on her way back to St. Augustine. Miss Mather is a cousin of Mr. Mather, one of the directors and also the treasurer of the asylum.—Daily News, Nov. 13, 1878.

Mrs. Richards & Hicks, boot and shoe dealers and repairers, of Roanoke, Ind., have sent us one of their advertising circulars, or the reverse side of which is a picture of children and a "pup" hunting for game, which, apparently, entered the top end of a seely old boot and made an exit from the "holy" toe of the boot. The picture is apt and illustrative in a large degree. On the border of the picture reads: "Every child's shoe should be protected from wear at the toe. Puppy wonders (lying at the mouth, or entrance, of the boot), where the game has gone, as parents do at the size of their shoe bills. Holes at the toe explain it all."

Dr. MacIntire, the superintendent of the Indiana Inst. for the deaf and dumb, is visiting the American Asylum to-day. He left Indianapolis last Monday and arrived at Hartford yesterday evening. He has visited the deaf-mute institutions at Philadelphia and New York, and is going to Northampton and Boston before he returns home. He wishes to get a new teacher of articulation, to take the place of Miss Thatcher, who has taught articulation at the Indiana Institution during the past two years. She will leave there next January. Many pupils of the asylum remember Miss Thatcher who learned how to teach articulation at the asylum two years ago.—Hartford Daily News, Nov. 22d.

Mr. Edmund Booth, the well-known editor of the Eveleva newspaper, which is published at Anamosa, in Iowa, is visiting the American Asylum to-day. Mr. Booth entered the asylum as a pupil in 1828—just half a century ago. He was

has been an editor in Anamosa twenty-two years. He married a deaf-mute lady named Walworth, and has three children. One of his sons is now his newspaper partner. The other is a student in college. His daughter, who visited the asylum some years ago, is now married to a minister in Dakota.

Mr. Booth's history is a fine example to all deaf-mutes of independent and successful industry. Mr. Booth left Anamosa with his wife about a month ago, and has since been visiting friends at various places in the East. He attended a meeting of over forty deaf-mutes at Amherst, N. H., about a week ago, where he met many old friends. He will return to Iowa by way of Washington, D. C., and expects to reach his home early in December.—Hartford Daily News, Nov. 20th.

The Daily News says: There are quite a number of deaf-mute newspapers printed at different institutions in the United States. This institution receives about a dozen of them regularly. Most of them are printed weekly. Some of them are semi-monthly papers, and two of them are issued only monthly. They are printed by the pupils of the various institutions, with common type and printing presses, and are all interesting and useful papers. Their names are, the Colorado Deaf-Mute Index, the Kansas Star, the Kentucky Deaf-Mute, the Minnesota Mute Organ, the Michigan Deaf-Mute Mirror, the New York Educator, the Ohio Mute Chronicle, the Texas Mute Ranger, the Virginia Goodson Gazette, the West Virginia Tablet, the Wisconsin Deaf-Mute Press, the Mute Journal of Nebraska.

Besides these institution newspapers there is a very excellent paper called THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, published at Mexico, in New York State, by a deaf-mute named Henry C. Rider. The Daily News, written with the electric pen, invented by Mr. Edison, is the only deaf-mute daily paper in the United States. The pupils of the asylum are much interested in reading all these newspapers, which are prepared expressly for deaf-mutes.

THURSDAY, October 31, was the day set apart by our Superintendent for the school to attend the fair. The anxious look for day was ushered in with the joyfulness of a May morning, and after breakfast and a little luncheon and bustle, all were ready, and by 9 o'clock the pupils were enjoying the sight-seeing within the grounds.

Everybody went with the privilege of enjoying it to the heart's content, and we doubt not but that the pupils say about as much within the time they were there as could possibly be. We heard with what wondering eyes. They wandered around, taking in the exhibition hall, the floral hall, machinery department, and in fact everything to be seen on the grounds; and when they had regaled themselves with luncheon, were ready for the most exciting part of the day. When the hour for dinner had passed, and everybody "felt so awfully jolly when the band began to play," was the time for people of all sorts and sizes to rush to the amphitheatre to behold the prancing steeds, as they came clamping the bit and eager for the race. After the handsome buggy horses—some of them perfect beauties—had been shown, the excitement was now a little greater, and reached its utmost at 3:57, when the two and a quarter mile dash was over and the jockey in blue bore away the palm. One or two other races, and the day's doings were over, and all came home feeling that it was good to be there. On Saturday night, November 2, the children had a party, and are now (Monday morning) ready for hard work.—Texas Mute Ranger.

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco. 48-ly

## Local Paragraphs.

D. C. Morse is building an addition to his barn.

Another slight sprinkling of snow Monday night.

Miss Frank Prayne is quite sick with the gastric fever.

The Oswego County Insane Asylum has thirty-four patients.

We are sorry to hear that Eugene Tripp is no better, but is gradually failing.

Ladies and Children can go to the Matinee of the Frog Opera without escort.

Miss Hattie Baker's select school closed last Friday for a two weeks' vacation.

A little son of Mr. and Mrs. Jedediah Hoose is suffering with whooping cough.

Buy your tickets for the Frog Opera before Thursday night, and secure reserved seats.

Miss Eva Benedict, who has long been in ill health, is still sick, and not much if any improved.

We learn that Mr. Simon Tuller is slowly improving, and is able to sit up for a short time at once.

The swamps are now so nearly filled with water that some of the weather observers think winter is not far distant.

If you wish to enjoy an afternoon of fun, go to the Frog Opera, at the Academy of Music, Oswego, Saturday, November 30th.

Thanksgiving services will be held at Grace Church, Thursday, November 28th, at 11 A. M. Sermon by the rector, Rev. Dr. J. Cross.

Rev. Mr. Lewis, of Boonville, N. Y., preached two excellent sermons last Sunday morning and evening at the Presbyterian Church in this village.

Thomas Webb, who a few weeks ago went to Chicago to live with one of his sons, writes back that he is very much pleased with the place and is enjoying himself well.

Work on the interior of the town hall is progressing in a satisfactory manner. A good set of steps has recently been erected on the front side of the building.

Only think! Reserved seats to the Frog Opera for 50 cents, and Railroad Fare to Oswego and Return for only Forty cents. No other such a chance will occur this winter.

The Social Club gives a select party at Empire Hall, Thursday night, November 28th. Music is to be furnished by Drescher, of Syracuse, and a grand time is expected.

Union Thanksgiving services will be held at 11 A. M. Thursday, November 28th, in the Presbyterian Church. The sermon will be preached by Rev. Mr. Lewis, of Boonville, N. Y.

For about a week past we have had some of the most gloomy, weather that has been known in this locality for some time. People from out of town report the roads extremely muddy.

According to an eastern paper, the man who harangued large crowds on our fair grounds and on the street during fair time this fall is a fraud, and not "Kit Carson," as he represented himself.

Quite a large number of our citizens intend to go to Oswego next Saturday and witness the Frog Opera at the Academy of Music. The play is a very amusing and interesting one, and, the fare being only forty cents to Oswego and return, the expense will be very moderate.

Arthur Becker has been practicing considerable recently with his velocipede, which, by the way, is a very fine one, and has become so much of an expert in its use that he recently made the distance around the block bounded by Main, Church, Spring, and Jefferson streets in two and one-half minutes. We have not yet heard Avery Skinner's best time, but expect to be before long.

The attention of our readers is called to the New York Observer prosectus, published elsewhere in the columns of our paper. The Observer is a first-class newspaper, containing each week a large amount of both secular and religious news, and general reading matter of an interesting nature and of a high moral-toned character, is furnished for the low price (considering its size) of \$3.15 a year, post-paid, and is deserving of a place at the fireside of every family in town or country.

Charles Dewey, the little eight-year-old son of Dr. C. G. Dewey who was kicked on the head by a young horse on the 18th inst., died on the second day after the shocking accident. His funeral was held at Mr. Dewey's residence on Friday afternoon, the 22d inst., and was largely attended, quite a number being present from this village. Charles was a good, promising boy, and was a member of the Band of Hope. The friends have much sympathy in their sad bereavement under painful circumstances.

A very happy event happened at the Universalist Church in this village, on Wednesday evening, the 20th inst. The marriage of Mr. Homer Ames and Miss Jessie Lonks having been publicly announced, the church was at an early hour crowded with spectators. The bride and bridegroom were very neatly attired, and acted their parts in the drama with becoming grace and dignity. The marriage service was performed in an easy, unaffected style by Rev. L. Briggs, of Auburn, N. Y. We wish the newly-married couple much happiness in their journey through life together.

## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

The American Consul at Lisbon, Portugal, recently reported that Angell, the defaulting secretary of the Pullman Palace Car Company, was in that city.

The wine crop of California this year is not expected to exceed 4,000,000 gallons—not two-thirds of the crop of 1876. A dry season, mildew, and the phylloxera are the causes assigned for the difference. It is thought that, owing to a small crop, this year's wine will bring a large price, and the growers will thus be prevented from loss.

At Dundee, Scotland, a large, full-grown Polar bear, while being conveyed from one of the whaling ships, escaped from its cage and took its way through several crowded streets at a rapid pace. At length it found refuge in a clothier's shop, where, after playing some havoc, it was secured. Owing to the crowds which followed, the bear became infuriated, and several persons narrowly escaped injury.

The election to congress of the United States District Attorney leaves a vacancy to be filled. His successor will be appointed for four years by the President. The salary is four thousand dollars a year. John E. Pound, of Lockport, and George N. Kennedy, of Syracuse, are among the candidates, and how many more there are "doth not yet appear," but it is supposed that the number is "legion."

A colored woman named Mrs. Eliza Thompson died at her home in New York on the 20th inst. at the age of one hundred and four years. She was born into slavery on the estate of Daniel Riker, on Long Island, in 1774. She lived alone in a little room in Delancey street, having outlived her husband and all her children, and, up to a few weeks before her death, she went every day to work at washing, refusing to be a burden upon any one. The industrious old lady did not die of old age. Her death was produced by nervous prostration, the result of an accident. Mrs. Thompson had, or thought she had, an indistinct recollection of the war of the Revolution.

Excelsior, the old white stallion once owned by Dan Rice, the celebrated showman, lately died at Arnot's stables in St. Louis, Mo., after a sickness of only a few days. One of the last exhibitions made by the old horse was about two years ago in one of the St. Louis theatres. About two months ago the horse was levied upon by the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company for debt. Dan Rice recently called to see the old horse, and shed tears over him. It was then his intention to send money and redeem him, and when he died have his form preserved by a taxidermist. Excelsior was thirty-six years of age, had been in Dan Rice's service for thirty years, and has been exhibited in every city and town of note in the United States, having been admired by millions of circus-going people.

Miss Cora Johnson, daughter of Benjamin Johnson, a farmer living near Sager's Bridge, Chester county, Pa., arrived on a train, and found no one at the depot to convey her home, which was some distance away, and hired a team to take her there. While riding along the highway, two disguised men sprang from the bushes and seized the horse by the bridle. One robber kept the driver quiet by covering his head with a pistol, while the other relieved Miss Johnson of her pocket-book, which contained ten dollars, and was proceeding to rob her of her watch, when she resisted and screamed so loud that the robbers became frightened and fled. The young woman was considerably bruised. At last accounts the assailants had not been arrested.

Robert Harriott, known as "Mickey Free, the pedestrian," died November 21st, at his home on the Newark Avenue meadows. He was born in Ireland, and before coming to this country gained something of a reputation as a pedestrian. Thirty years ago he came to this country and settled in Jersey City. He soon after announced that he would walk one thousand miles in one thousand consecutive hours. It was whispered that at night his wife donned his suit and walked while he was sleeping. With the money he bought a shanty, and being too poor to purchase a lot to set it upon, placed a set of wheels under it and moved the shanty on to another man's land. As often as he was driven off he would move, and squat upon a new place. Finally, the late Dudley S. Gregory gave him the plot of ground on which he served as a soleir, first for three months in the Fifth, and afterwards three years in the Thirty-third Regiment New Jersey Volunteers. After his death, at his request, his body lay in state enveloped in the Stars and Stripes, and his remains were viewed by hundreds.

Detectives Cornish and Wilson, of New York, discovered a man crawling through a half-open window of the office of the Grand Central Bank and made a rush for his legs, which were all that could be seen of the man. Although the man protested and tried to explain the situation, he was snatched out and hurried off to a station-house, the detectives no doubt supposing that they had made a haul of some notorious bank robber. Mr. Frederick Loew, the president of the bank, was sent for, and the prisoner recognized as the janitor of the bank. An explanation from the janitor developed the



## Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

### THE IMPORTANCE OF READING FOR DEAF-MUTES.

It has been said with truth and justice that deaf-mutes as a class stand aloof from the rest of the world, forming societies for their own special benefit, and preferring the company of their own kind to that of other people, perhaps upon the principle that "misery loves company." They have been accused of clamorosity on that account. All this cannot be denied even by the warmest friends of the "children of silence." And what is the reason that this portion of the human race whose misfortune, but surely not their fault, it is to have been deprived of the sense of hearing, do not mingle on equal terms with their more fortunate fellow men? What gulf so deep and impassable divides them from the world-at-large? Some one might answer that the loss of hearing is the greatest obstacle which bars the way of a deaf-mute to success in the world. But I ask, is there not a remedy for misfortune in another than a physical sense? Is there not a way by which the deaf can communicate their thoughts, their wants or ideas to the hearing people? Yes, there is; and it is language—written, not spoken language.

Language is the dividing line between the deaf and the hearing people. The line once passed, the loss of speech will no longer be so much regretted, no longer be regarded as the greatest of evils by those upon whom the misfortune falls, but, on the contrary, it may be regarded as a blessing in disguise. Now, as language is the only means of communication between the deaf-mute, and the rest of the world, the acquirement of a good command of the English language is of the greatest importance. How then is this to be accomplished? Simply by reading. It is not enough that the teacher should give lessons in English, and have them recited; he needs something else to help him in his work—something that will stock the mind of the pupil with words and phrases, giving him a ready and fluent command of language. This is a task beyond the power of the most talented or the most experienced teacher.

Hearing people are enabled to keep up their stock of words by constantly hearing or using them, while deaf-mutes have a language of their own, which rarely, if ever, admits of a word in conversation. The sign language is made the stepping-stone to a study of English, but if the habit of talking in signs is carried to excess, as unfortunately happens very often, it becomes rather an obstacle in the path of the learner. The majority of deaf-mutes prefer to express themselves in signs, to the injury of their English, and, sometimes to such an extent that, when occasion compels them to fall back upon their language, they hesitate—start anew—and pause again, being at a loss for the right word or words. The words which they once knew, and which once came readily at their bidding, have fled for want of practice.

As a deaf-mute, from the nature of his education, resorts more to gestures than to words to express his meaning, his command of language is slowly but surely deserting him; and, in order to counterbalance this bad effect, he must devote all the time he can spare to reading. Cicero has said "More men are ennobled by reading than by observation." A DEAF-MUTE.

### NEW YORK INSTITUTION NOTES.

DEAR JOURNAL:—The interesting article contained in the last issue of your paper from the pen of Professor Emery, entitled "Deaf-Mute Teachers," concerns a subject highly interesting to deaf-mutes, especially to those now under instruction in the various institutions throughout the country. That deaf-mute teachers are, with but a few exceptions, the best instructors of their fellow mutes, is quite evident to any person who has observed the unremitting care and attention manifested by mute teachers in the school-room compared with the "don't-care" method practiced by most speaking and hearing teachers. I concur with Professor Emery that many of the so-called hearing and speaking teachers of the deaf and dumb are worse than useless because they are in the way of mutes and women, who could and would do better, and be more useful. However, everybody does not think alike, and we must give some attention to the opinions of others. Among other opinions on this question, which I noticed in the same issue of the JOURNAL, was that of the "gladitorial secretary," a gentleman residing somewhere within the boundaries of this State. It is not at all surprising that his idea of the subject should differ from the popular idea, he being such a queer individual himself. Perhaps it was the opinions which he maintained that prompted him to refuse (1) the offer of a teachership some time since. The consideration of this question of deaf-mute teachers for the deaf and dumb is open to all mutes who have any interest in the welfare of their fellow unfortunates, and I would advise all to respond to Professor Emery's invitation and give their views through the columns of the JOURNAL.

A few evenings since, on the occasion of the 19th birthday of Mrs. R. B. Lloyd, nee Miss Ella Brainerd, a surprise party, consisting of Mrs. Lloyd's old classmates, startled the inmates of her residence, on Kingbridge road. The company spent the evening in games, reciting reminiscences, etc., in the midst of which a choice collation

was served and justice done to it by all present, and as Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Jewell occupy the same dwelling the pleasure of the party was vastly augmented.

The eighty-fourth anniversary of the birth of Dr. H. P. Peet, November 19th, was observed by a half-holiday. The hours of school and work were shortened to give us more time to consider the great benefit which ourselves and our institution have derived from the efforts of this honored pioneer of deaf-mute instruction in the United States. At one o'clock P. M. the pupils assembled in the chapel, where, for two hours, they were entertained with anecdotes and reminiscences of the "Father of our Institution," delivered by the teachers. It is curious what confessions such occasions bring forth. Here we saw bearded men recalling the days of their youth and school life, the many misfortunes they got into, and the manner in which they got out of them again. These joys and misfortunes are all recalled for the benefit of those who are now enjoying the ups and downs of school-life, no doubt to infuse courage into our languishing minds. May we keep in mind the sage counsels of those experienced martyrs, and improve accordingly.

As the days pass Thanksgiving comes nearer and nearer. There is much talking of what great things many of us are going to do on that day. I would respectfully advise our superintendent to have the hospital enlarged for the occasion, as many of us will, doubtless, feel rather queer in the region of the stomach, the day after.

Principal MacIntire, of the Indiana Institution, is here on a short visit. He arrived this afternoon, and has since then spent the most of his time in the school-rooms. He leaves for home this evening or to-morrow morning.

As I write, a drizzling rain is falling which has made the first class girls feel very glum. They were to visit Barnum's great show to-day, but, on account of bad weather, a postponement is necessary. However, as they are all remarkably bright and good girls, their schoolmates hope they may soon be favored with a pleasant day, on which to make their visit.

Washington Heights, Nov. 21, 1878.

### "ALL IN ALL"

A SERMON.

BIDDEFORD, Me., Nov. 18, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Spending a few days in this vicinity doing missionary work, I availed myself of the opportunity of meeting several mutes, yesterday afternoon, at the home of John W. Page, of this city. These mutes were Mr. Page and wife, Miss Mary C. Bradbury, Miss Margaret H. Bonison, Miss Florette Moulton, Miss Ella Coley and Miss Mary E. Carroll. I found them all very intelligent, fine-looking and good-minded people, each eager to be instructed in religious experiences and in Christian rules of life. I held a service of one hour and a half, consisting of reading the Scriptures, prayer in sign-language, and a sermon founded on Colossians iii: xi, last clause, "Christ is all and in all," of which I said:

INTRODUCTION.  
We all need Christ as a Friend, to whom we can all go in prayer for blessings in our need; a Comforter in sorrows; a Teacher to unfold His own word to us; a Guide to lead us; a Savior to save us from our sins; and an Advocate to intercede for us before His Father's throne.

THEME—CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL.  
1. He is all in all in our conversion and early Christian experience. We feel that we are sinners; the Holy Spirit shows us that we need a pardon for all our sins. We were led by the spirit to confess our sins and cry to Christ to forgive us, and to save us. He heard our cries, forgave our sins, and gave us sweet peace in Him.

2. Again, Christ is all in all to us in our devotions. All our desires for the presence of Christ, and the enjoyment of His blessing, were kindled in our hearts by Christ. All our tender emotions; all our penitence for sin; all our longing for pardon; all our yearning for His blessings; come directly from Christ.

3. Again, Christ is all in all in our daily life. We want to live good Christian lives and Christ is our certain Helper. No duties to be done, no trials to endure, no crosses to bear, no sorrows to experience, but Christ is with us, and our "all in all" to help us on our way.

4. Again, Christ is all in all to us in obeying His ordinances. Baptism and the Lord's Supper are ordinances of His instituting, and He requires an observance of them. A happy privilege to be baptized and thus follow Jesus; then to receive the broken bread, an emblem of Jesus' suffering body, and the wine, an emblem of His shed blood for us. A blessed privilege. In each of these ordinances "Christ is all and in all."

5. Lastly, in the bliss of Heaven "Christ is all and in all." Christ's presence is Heaven. To be with Christ, constitutes our dearest happiness here, and when we come to dwell with Christ in Heaven He will be all in all to us. Angels will sing His glory, and we shall forever chant His praises in the sweet song "Christ is all and in all."

The friends were deeply interested and, by tears, showed their love for Christ.

I also met Mr. Augustus Titcomb and wife, Oliver Dearing, and Charles Patterson, of Saco, all good people, and well-to-do in their domestic relations. I have seldom met a more interesting class of mutes in all my travels.

Yours truly,

Rev. J. R. BOWLER,  
State Missionary.

### A LETTER FROM "DOWN EAST."

WEST WATERVILLE, Me., Nov. 11, 1878.  
EDITOR JOURNAL:—The readers of your paper would, I presume, be pleased to hear from me once more. I shall try to keep up my correspondence in the future. My health is a great deal better than when I left Worcester last October.

I came to West Waterville on the afternoon of the 9th inst. I am the guest of Mr. Charles F. Folsom, a deaf-mute, a friend of mine. I am having a very pleasant time with him. He was a pupil at the American Asylum from 1868 to 1877, and was a member of the Gallaudet High School.

The quarterly meeting was held at the deaf-mutes' hall in Gorham's block, Worcester, in the evening of March 20th. George A. Holmes, David White, and George B. Keniston, all officers of the Massachusetts Deaf-Mute Christian Union, were present, talking upon business affairs of the society. David White resigned his office of collector of the society, but he was wanted to work for them again till the June meeting, and he refused. His resignation has been accepted. Mr. Charles E. Knight, of Worcester, took his place as collector. Mr. George B. Keniston, of Everett, resigned his position of chairman of the prudential committee, and the writer is his successor.

Mr. Keniston thought it best to have the name of the Massachusetts Deaf-Mute Christian Union changed to that of the "Worcester Deaf-Mute Society," but it was opposed. Mr. Keniston wanted to have a few changes made in the constitution, as some of the articles were improper. Mr. Charles F. Green, of Worcester, was appointed to examine it carefully, and make some changes. Mr. George A. Holmes, of Boston, read a letter written by Professor Atwood, of Newburyport, to the members of the society, saying the deaf-mute preachers should receive a little more pay than at present. They should get \$5 a Sunday for religious services, instead of \$3, and extra pay for their expenses. Almost every deaf-mute society outside of Worcester agreed to pay more than heretofore, but the Massachusetts Deaf-Mute Christian Union thought it not best to increase the pay, as its being short for funds would not admit of it.

Messrs. Holmes, Keniston, Lynde, and Rowe were the preachers for the society, and expected to receive more pay, but, as it did not feel able to pay more, the society was obliged to stop hiring them. Mr. Joseph O. Sanger, of Westboro', Mass., was appointed preacher, and the writer substitute.

Some time last April Mr. Knight, of Worcester, gave up collecting funds for the Union, and the society must have another collector at once, but it was rather hard to find one. As I had not much to do at printing, they thought they would have me act as collector, and they asked me to work for them; but I was not very willing to accept. They induced me to do so, and, at last, I willingly became their collecting agent, but did not intend to continue to collect money for the Union for many years. I thought I had better please them by helping to keep the society alive and prosperous. I have traveled in many towns in Massachusetts, collecting, for several months, but it has been very hard work to collect, in these hard times.

The annual meeting was held in the evening of June 19, 1878. George A. Holmes and David White were present. Mr. Holmes resigned his presidency, and Mr. White's resignation as a committee was accepted. The officers were elected for the year ensuing as follows: President, William H. Green; Vice-President, Delphus B. Howe; Secretary, Daniel W. Cary; Treasurer, Charles F. Green; Auditor, Charles E. Knight, all of Worcester. Every thing belonging to the society has been going on smoothly since that meeting.

On the last of June I resigned my leadership of the Bible-class. The society has not had a regular leader since, but some of the members lead the Bible-class, by turns, every Sunday. There was no preaching from July 1st to September 1st on account of the summer vacation. The quarterly meeting was held in the mutes' rooms in the evening of September 18th, but it did not last long. Not much business was transacted.

My wife and child left Worcester for Marlboro' July 27th to spend the summer with my wife's folks, and have not yet returned to the city, but as soon as I get all ready they will be back. Last May I was in Fitchburg, Mass., and spent a day there. I called upon Mr. Blood, the dentist, and inquired for his mute son, Charles. He said he was taken care of by his friend, Horace Platt, on High street. On going to the mute's friend's residence I was surprised to find him changed in his looks. He did not know who I was, and said he did not remember me. I tried to talk with him, but could not, for he would not talk with any one. It made me feel bad. He had lost his memory. He was a pupil of the American Asylum seven years, and was my classmate one year. He was a very bright boy at school, but after he left school he became a little insane. I was told that he worked too hard in a printing-office, and that it spoiled his mind. His health has been poor for a long time. He likes to live with a friend of his better than with his own father, and does not like to talk with his father, who has been very kind to him. He is about thirty-one years old. I asked him if he remembered Mr. Henry A. Chapman, an intimate friend of his. He replied "No." I pitied him very much.

Last August, I was at Athol Depot, Mass. I stopped over night with an old classmate named Willie L. Hill, who graduated from the National Deaf-Mute College, with great honor, in the summer of 1872. He has a nice house, and has a pleasant family. I visited his printing office. He employed five hands. The next morning I started for North Adams, on business, but did not stay there over night. I passed through the Hoosac Tunnel, which is about five miles long. In the afternoon I took the train for Pittsfield, where I stayed over night. I met with some deaf-mutes there. I was told that Mr. Fabey, a deaf-mute, who belonged in Pittsfield, ran away from home, and had not been heard from for two years. His mother and sister, have been very much worried about him since he left home, and have been trying to learn of his whereabouts. They were afraid he might have committed suicide. I was told that he had been in New York. Had he written his mother where he was, and how he was getting along, she and her family would not have worried about him. If any of the readers of the JOURNAL know where he is, will they please let you know?

I left Pittsfield for Springfield, where I remained about two weeks. I went to different towns from Springfield, almost every day, and had a very good time. I saw some deaf-mutes in Springfield. I stopped three nights with Arthur Wells, a deaf-mute, in West Springfield. He has a very good situation in one of those paper mills, where he has worked for over fourteen years. One day I went to Easthampton, and called to see Frank H. Clark, a semi-mute young man. He was educated at the American Asylum. He attended school there nearly ten years. Several years since his father committed suicide.

I was in North Brookfield one day, and was surprised, as well as pleased, to find Mr. Joseph O. Sanger's mute wife at her cousin's residence. She went to that town from Westboro' on a visit to her cousin.

On the 7th of September, I left Springfield for Marlboro', where my wife's folks live. I stayed there till September 18th, when I went to Worcester, where I stayed until early in October, when I started for Maine. I have been in Maine for about a month.

I went to Portland from Boston by boat one night, and reached there at 2:30 A. M. I then went to West Falmouth, a few miles distant, stopping with Rev. Wm. H. Haskell, the Orthodox minister, and his family, for five days. I was canvassing that town for a book called the "Life of Laura Bridgman," the deaf, dumb, and blind girl of Boston, and I did well. Then I went to Gardiner, my birth place, on a visit to my old friends, after which I went to Augusta, where I canvassed for about two weeks for that book, which sells very well.

On Saturday afternoon, October 19th, I walked from Augusta to Sidney, nine miles, to spend the Sabbath with my friend John W. Abbott, after which I walked eight miles to West Waterville, on Monday morning, to make a short visit with an old schoolmate, named Charles F. Folsom, with whom I spent one night. Tuesday afternoon I rode a part of the way, about 14 miles, and then walked about 34 miles to Sidney, where I spent the night with Mr. Abbott. Wednesday morning I took quite a long walk to Augusta, and felt quite tired.

Monday morning, November 4th, I went from Augusta to East Winthrop, 64 miles, on foot, to see some relatives whom I had not seen for about nine years.

East Winthrop is a small town of probably one thousand inhabitants. It has a Baptist church, post-office, and one store. It is 34 miles from Winthrop. The Cobboscontee Lake is nine miles long and three miles wide, and contains many beautiful islands. Many of the citizens of Winthrop own wood lots on these islands, and the season for crossing on the ice is a busy one.

Friday afternoon, the 8th inst., I went to Baileyville, 14 miles distant, and stayed an hour or so. There is quite a number of Quakers living there.

Saturday afternoon, the 9th inst., I was about to walk to Winthrop village, but found a good chance to ride there in a farmer's wagon. I took the train for West Waterville at 3:16 P. M., and reached there at 4:17.

This afternoon Mr. Folsom and I went out to see the Cascade, which I had never seen before. I thought it very grand. The Cascade falls sixty-five feet from the top of the dam, and this is the outlet of seven ponds. The ponds and connecting streams are sixty-five miles long. West Waterville is a pleasant town of 2,700 inhabitants, contains quite a number of stores, five churches, (Methodist, Free Will Baptist, Baptist, Universalist, and Adventist,) and several shops of different kinds. Scythes and axes are manufactured in three large shops, owned by the Dunn Edge Tool Company, the Hubbard and Blake Manufacturing Company, and Emerson, Stevens & Co.

Twenty-five thousand dozen scythes are said to have been manufactured this year.

John Emery Crane, a semi-mute, who attended the National Deaf-Mute College five years, and graduated in 1877, is at work for E. C. Allen & Co., as clerk in a publishing house, at Augusta, and is getting along exceedingly well. His home is in Whiting, Me. He has not been away from Augusta for almost a year.

While I was in Augusta I went to the Maine Insane Hospital, where there are three deaf-mutes taken care of, to get a subscription for "Laura Bridgman." Those mutes are Jack, Warren, and Boyington, two of whom I have seen at the hospital.

John O'Harris, a native of Walford, Mass., was connected with the American Asylum, as a pupil, ten years—from 1860 to 1870, and was a member of the Gallaudet High School four years. He

was my classmate nine years, and was a very smart scholar. His mind was very bright, and he was very fond of reading, but not of exercise. After he left school he began to learn the printer's trade in the Milford, (Mass.) Journal office, where he remained several years. When through there he went to work for W. L. Hill, a semi-mute, in the Athol, (Mass.) Transcript office, where he worked for about three years. His mind began to weaken and it was feared that he was becoming insane. Mr. Hill thought best to send him home, and got some one to take care of him in the cars. When Mr. O'Harris arrived at Woonsocket, R. I., where his folks live, he was found in the street. He is now in the Providence Insane Hospital, I learn. He would have gone to the National Deaf-Mute College in 1870, if circumstances had permitted. The Boston Herald of the 8th inst. says that in Switzerland there are more deaf-mutes, idiots, and lunatics, and fewer blind people, according to the population, than in any other country in Europe.

The deaf-mutes of Worcester may be pleased to hear that I am doing well, and that I am working very hard for their society. They may soon hear of my good success. I cannot tell exactly when I shall be in that city, but I hope to be there before many weeks.

Yours truly,

DANIEL W. CARY.

### HOW THEY SETTLED THE SUBSCRIPTION QUESTION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On going to the post-office to get my JOURNAL, just after returning home from the Vermont quarries, I met my wife, Sal, who signalled to me that there had been no paper in our post-office box during my absence. "Why? What is the reason?" Has the JOURNAL ceased publication, I asked in a sad tone of surprise. "No, my dear Henry, I guess you are left out in the cold and won't have the news this week." "I doubt it," I replied. "Did you see any blue or red mark X on the last number received?" "I had not observed any," she replied. "Then let us go home and examine it, or count the number of JOURNALS, and ascertain if my subscription has expired." "Yes," she replied, "when I get through shopping, which will take an hour or two yet." "Pshaw," said I, "what do you want to purchase? I'm tired, traveling all day without anything to eat, and want my supper." "Oh, come along, my dear," said she. "I want you to aid me in the selection of a new bonnet, which I intend to wear when we go to spend Thanksgiving eve at the asylum in Hartford." On learning her business, I willingly accompanied her, and on our way asked her if she had heard any thing from the witty deaf-mute beyond the West Peak Mountains, to whom I guided our friend, Mr. John Muth. "Nothing," replied she, "the student to whom you refer, a former graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, may be at his customary work, occupying his spare hours in his daily routine, in acquiring philosophical knowledge. He seems to be blessed with all the comforts and luxuries of his life."

Having arrived at the millinery rooms we entered and Sal selected a neat and plain felt hat, suitable for the season, which she put on and asked my opinion respecting it. My verdict was that it was pretty, very becoming, and made her look fifty years younger. This praise suited her so well that she immediately purchased it. I paid the bill and we started for home. On our arrival there my wife proceeded to prepare supper, and, owing to her skillful cookery, I was soon enjoying a delicious old-fashioned clam pie, with hot coffee and other accompaniments, and I felt that this alone was well worth the cost of the new bonnet. However, I did not forget about the JOURNAL, and, immediately after the repast, proceeded to count the numbers, when, to my amazement, I counted fifty-two. Then I knew the reason it ceased coming. But I could not think of parting with my old favorite on account of its weekly news, and the useful information it contains. So I began to search my pockets to see if I could find the wherewith to pay the subscription fee. All I could hunt up was 98 cents. This would not do. What was to be done for the remaining 52 cents? In this perplexing dilemma my better half (who was a playmate of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet in Hartford when they were children), came to my assistance and, by adding two cents, increased my store to one dollar. "This," said she, "will pay our subscription for 8 months; and at the end of that time we will send one dollar more; thus there will be fifty cents over the regular subscription price at the end of the year, and for that the editor can send his paper to some poor deaf-mute who cannot afford to pay for it."

We are thankful to have such a paper in our midst as the JOURNAL, which abounds in instruction on religion, science, literature, etc., and for poor silent beings it is, indeed, a blessing.

Enclosed you will find one dollar for the above-mentioned object, and I will always do as much as is in my power for the advancement of your worthy paper.

Respectfully yours,

C. H. STEERE.

Meriden, Conn., Nov. 18, 1878.

### BLAME WRONGLY IMPUTED TO MR. STONE.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In your paper of November 14th, under the head of "Boston Notes," there appeared a communication signed "Spectator," in which he stated that "E. C. Stone was expected to hold a service October 27th, but did not come, much to the disappointment and dissatisfaction of the large audience present." This conveys the impression that Mr. Stone was to blame for the disappointment. But allow me to state that this is not the case.

He was ready and willing to perform his part of the service whenever he knew what was required of him, and, the entire correspondence having passed through my hands, I know whereof I speak. A misunderstanding of the English language, and a delay in forwarding certain letters, were the real causes of Mr. Stone's non-appearance; and it is with a sincere desire to clear him of any and all blame in the matter that this statement is made.

JOHN T. TILLINGHAST.

New Bedford, Mass., Nov. 20, 1878.

### A LETTER FROM TORONTO.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have seen the following in the Argentinil Advertiser. I give the letter exactly as little Elliott wrote it. It is exceedingly valuable as showing the progress of deaf-mute acquisition of knowledge under difficulties which hearing and speaking people can scarcely recognize.

"MACKEY INSTITUTION FOR PROTESTANT DEAF-MUTES,  
MONTREAL, NOV. 1st, 1878.

To the editor of the Advertiser: I am a little deaf-mute boy at the Mackay Institution, Montreal. I came from Mille Isles, in Argentinil. I have been at school four years. My father reads your paper, called Advertiser. I can read some. You print too many big words. I must buy a dictionary. I saw you at Lachute last summer. Lachute is a nice village. I like Montreal better. I am learning printing. There are twenty-six pupils in the school. Mr. Widd teaches. He is the principal. He wrote a letter to a poor little girl's mamma in Arundel to come to school. He sent her a free pass. He got pass from Mr. Peterson, of the Railway. Mr. Peterson was kind. Mr. Widd wanted the girl to come to school. She has no clothes. She is very poor. She is not come school yet. I wish I could give her money to buy clothes and come to school. Her name is Dubeau. Some ladies in Argentinil should help her. There are many deaf-mutes too poor to come to school. I hope God will tell ladies to help her. I will pay you for printing this letter when I am a man. I have no money. I am thirteen years old. My name is "WILLIE ELLIOTT."

We are glad to learn that our old friend Mr. Clark is about to return to Toronto. By his doing so he will swell the number of deaf-mutes in this city.

I am informed by Mr. Slater that since he returned from Brantford he has not got the JOURNAL, but he cannot do without it, and is going to renew his subscription. He thinks every deaf-mute should subscribe for your valuable paper.

Mr. and Mrs. Sloan, two newly married deaf-mutes, are about to leave this city for Solomon City, Kan., where they expect to take up their residence. They have relatives there.

Deaf-mutes of this city have frequently been asking each other if it would be possible for either Revs. Mann or Syle to pay us a visit some time and hold services if they were invited.

It is learned on good authority that Mr. John Ward, Jr., of Montreal, lately of New York, has left Rev. Mr. Belanger's, and is about to commence teaching a few pupils of his own in the English language, instead of French, at the Mille End Deaf and Dumb Institute, Montreal, and I was informed that Mr. Ward is intending to visit us next summer before going to New York.

Messrs. Bridgen and Beate, semi-mutes, are proprietors of the Toronto Engraving Company. Both of them are of fine education, and Englishmen. Mr. Bridgen has held services for the deaf-mutes every second Sunday since the organization of the Deaf-Mute Literary Association, and is a gentleman in every sense of the word.

Mr. Norman V. Lewis, the well-known deaf-mute composer, told me the other day that he read an item in the Flint Democrat about the death of Mr. Elliott which occurred on the 3d of October last, in Bay City, Mich. Mr. Lewis has been residing in Bay City for about eight months and was well acquainted with Mr. Elliott. He boarded at their house for a couple of weeks, and found them living together happily. He says the papers did not publish his name correctly in which he is said to be Zedve N. Elliott, an artist by profession, educated at the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

John L. Smith is a printer by trade, and is working in the Evening Telegram office, setting type for Robertson's Cheap Library. He is better known as Boss Blacksmith Type-setter. He was born in England, and left for this country a few years ago. He was married to Miss Rose Yerrell, of Newmarket, Ont. Both are deaf-mutes.

Mr. John L. Welch, lately of this city, is in Ottawa, Ont., and has a steady situation in the Citizen office. The date of Dr. Palmer's wedding day was October 22d, and his wife's name was Mrs. Mendel, if I am not mistaken.

It is said that there are 213 pupils at the Belleville Institute—125 boys and 88 girls.

We would like to have Prof. Job Turner hold services for us on his way to Montreal and then to this city. I have seen an item in your paper stating that Rev. Dr. Gallaudet has written to Montreal that Prof. Job Turner will hold a service for deaf-mutes there on the 24th inst. If Rev. Dr. Gallaudet or Professor Turner want to write to some of us in this city they had better write at once to the Secretary of Deaf-Mute Literary Association, P. O. Box 2670, Toronto, Ont.

One of the most disastrous fires which has taken place in the city of Toronto for several years occurred here on the morning of the 13th inst.

The workshops of the Central Prison were totally destroyed, and the damage is said to be about \$100,000. The buildings, stock, etc., belonged to the Ontario Government, and were well insured. The buildings were insured for \$11,250, equally divided between five companies, while the machinery was insured in two companies in a sum aggregating \$30,000. It was supposed by many that the fire was the work of a revengeful prisoner. This would be a reasonable supposition if the locking up of all the prisoners at an early hour did not preclude its possibility. None of the convicts escaped, as they were well guarded all the time, and the gate of the prison was not thrown open except to admit firemen and citizens. The origin of the fire is not known, but it is said to be the work of an incendiary. Respectfully yours,

JOHN BROOKS.

Toronto, Can., Nov. 16, 1878.

### A BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM VISITING.

ODESSA, N. Y., Nov. 18, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have some news which will give your readers pleasure. On Saturday evening, November 9th, Henry H. Loveland and his new bride surprised us very much, when they entered our house, but they were cordially welcomed. They were united in wedlock November 7th, at Wayland, N. Y. The bride was Mary Murray, of Ohio, and was formerly Mary Wisley, well known to her many mute friends in Ohio. She is a graduate of the Ohio Institution. They enjoyed a visit with us until Wednesday. We hope Mary will be the joy and delight of her husband's mother, sisters, and other friends. She has no parents. She is a fine lady. We had a pleasant ride, with a horse and buggy, up where Jacob Shuster and his wife, both mutes, live. Mr. Loveland drove his team there from here. Jacob returned home with his team late in the evening. He sold his barley the same day in Dundee. Mrs. Elizabeth Shuster's son, George I. Covert, claims to be the first inventor of ditch-digging machines. He is working at his new patent now. He will be prominent and successful in the future.

I had a letter from C. Cuddeback a few days ago. He informs me that Mrs. Rebella Cross, the wife of George Cross, of Alloway, N. Y., near C. Cuddeback, has gone to Indiana, to make her sister a visit for the winter. C. Cuddeback says that he has husked 400 bushels of corn, in the ear, and will have about 2,000 bushels. He is a prosperous farmer, and a generous, noble-minded man. Long may he live to enjoy his life of happiness.

Russell Smith's father is in Nebraska. He has bought 80 acres of fine land. His family talk of moving there before spring. Russell is a practical farmer. He is busy at the Watkins, N. Y., Democrat office.

JOHN.

### Looking at Their Intended Husbands.

RIVER POINT, R. I., Nov. 18, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The friends and schoolmates of Mrs. James D. Bartlett, nee Miss Anna I. West, will, no doubt, be pleased to hear of her. She is at present residing in North Guilford, Conn., near Mrs. P. C. White, late matron of the American Asylum; also near the relative of the late Mrs. Sophia Gallaudet. She has recently been visiting her parents in Hope, R. I. She has a lovely baby, I may as well say the champion baby, he having weighed 11½ pounds at birth, and, although only five months old, has six teeth. She has also another son, three years old. The baby is as good as it is pretty. Mrs. B. has a lovely disposition.

Perhaps some of the fair readers of the JOURNAL would like to lift the veil of the future, and behold the personal appearance of their future husbands. To all such I will impart the way to do it, as told to me by an English deaf-mute lady. Although I cannot vouch for it by personal experience, there can be no harm in trying it. If you are the recipient of a piece of wedding cake, when you are about to retire you must put twelve pins in the cake, and wrap it up in such a condition that it will not soil the linen, then place it under your pillow and you will dream of him—how he looks, etc. If you are not successful the first time you will be the second or third, and you must on no account remove the pins until you have been successful. I will be very much obliged to any one about to get married who will favor me with a slice of cake, that I may try my luck, and see whether the coming man is young and handsome or middle and dignified.

MARY A. MCKAY.

### A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

DEC. 1st, 1878.

### MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 1st day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Isaiah i.

2d Lesson—Luke i, 1-39.

English Lectionary.

1st Lesson—Isaiah i.

2d Lesson—Peter iii, v. 8 to iv, 1-17.



SUNDAY READING.

THE DUMB BOY'S FRIEND.

[See Samuel Smith's Magazine for November.]

A group of children giving way  
To happy, careless joy,  
Once had from them at their play  
A little deaf-mute boy.

"Tell us," they said, "we wish to know  
Who your best friend may be?  
On whom do you your love bestow?  
His name, now, let us see?"

The deaf-mute boy the pencil took,  
No hesitation showed,  
But with a bright and happy look,  
Wrote down the name of "God."

The children looked at him  
With wonder in their eyes;  
The dumb boy's answer puzzled them,  
And filled them with surprise.

He does not understand," they said,  
"His knowledge is but small;  
He does not write what he has read;  
God is the friend of all."

"God is in heaven," is very true;  
Your best friend is above;  
Now, name the friend on earth whom you  
Above all others love."

They waited, and the deaf-mute boy,  
In letters large and plain,  
Wrote, while his eyes again dived his joy,  
The name of "God" again.

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee?  
To Thee my love doth tend;  
No one on earth can comfort me  
As Thou, my Saviour, Friend."

Oh, happy child! I fain would know  
The secret of thy love;  
Learn my affection to bestow  
On that Best Friend above.

Many sorrows thou must see  
Ere thy life's journey end;  
But thou canst never be unhappy  
With "God" for thy "Best Friend."

R. M., deaf.  
Suggested by a paragraph in the "Christian Herald."

NOTES OF A SERMON

Preached by the Rev. Geo. A. W. Downing, on Sunday August 11, to the Deaf and Dumb assembled for Special Service in Flinnel Church, Bundoran.

Our blessed Lord and Saviour, when He was on this earth, taught His disciples and other people many lessons, and I am going to-day to tell you some of the lessons He once taught them by a little child.

It is very remarkable, that when Jesus wished thus to teach, that He did not call unto Him a learned man like Nicodemus, nor a rich man like Joseph of Arimathea, nor any of the priests or Levites; but He called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of the people who were round about. And then He told them that unless they received the Kingdom of God (that is the Gospel, His religion) as a little child, that is believing simply as a little child believes, they could not enter into the Kingdom of heaven.

(See also Luke xviii, 17.)

Now we have been brought together here this afternoon, by the mercy of God, from different parts of the country, and Christ Jesus has again called a little child and placed her in the midst of us. [Mr. Downing was here alluding to his having just then, in the presence of those assembled, baptized the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carrigan] and He has done so, that He may teach us the very same lesson that He wished to teach to His disciples more than eighteen hundred years ago.

What then are the lessons that we may learn from this little child?

There is first the lesson of Repentance. Many writers have written a great number of books about repentance—what it is; when it begins; how it begins; when it ends, &c. But the easiest way to learn all about it is to look at a little child.

When a little child has been naughty, and offends his father or mother, he feels very unhappy and uncomfortable, because he knows that he has done wrong. Now what does the child do? He does not begin to question whether his parents will forgive him, or try to think what he will say to them. He knows his parents love him, and so he comes to them at once with the simple words, "I have been naughty. I am so sorry, so unhappy, will you forgive me?" That is just what we read the Prodigal Son did. In his poverty, and misery, and sorrow, he thought of his father, and said, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." And we read that his father gave him all, and more than he wanted, for he not only pardoned him, but received him back as his son.

Let us act in the same way by our Father who is in heaven.

Have we sinned? are we far from God? then we cannot be happy, for there is no happiness away from God; but through the love and mercy of Christ our Saviour we may return to Him again.

Do you, who have sinned (and you know that all have sinned), wish to return to God? Then do not think about what words you should say, nor of the long time you may have been away from Him, but go to him simply as a little child and say, "Father, I have sinned, I am sorry, I hope to do better, for Christ's sake, pardon and forgive." And God our Father will do so, for He has promised it.

But there is another lesson that we may learn from this little child. It is a lesson of Faith.

In this world there are many things a little child cannot understand. He is told of strange countries, and of people who live in them; of wonderful things, such as he never saw and cannot understand, but he believes all,

simply because he is told it by those in whom he has confidence. He has faith.

So should it be with us. There are many things told us in the Bible which we cannot understand, some things which even the wisest of men cannot explain, and which we shall never rightly know until we leave this world and go to the next. There we shall see, there we shall hear, there we shall know all that that has been so dark, so hard, and so difficult for us here. But, while in this world, we must be content to believe without fully understanding. We must have faith.

If anyone speaks to you about religion and says, "Do not believe what you cannot understand; you cannot understand all that is in the Bible, therefore you need not believe it," remember that person is no friend to your soul. There are, it is true, many hard things in the Bible, but God, in His love and mercy, has made parts of it easy enough to teach us how to come to Christ, to believe in Him, to love Him, and to lead holy lives like Him. Let us not then doubt God's word, for if we do, we may be lost, but pray to Him for His holy Spirit, which will make us wise to salvation through Jesus Christ.

A third lesson we may learn from this little child is a lesson of Trustfulness. What is trustfulness? The following story will perhaps explain it.

A house once took fire. In a room at the top of the house was a little boy all alone. He looked out of the window, and saw his father, mother, brothers, and sisters, all safe on the street below, but when he tried to go to them he could not, for the stairs were in flames. He stood at the window in terror. The firemen brought a ladder and placed it against the wall, but it was too short to reach up to the window where the boy stood. "Jump, jump, and I will catch you in my arms!" shouted the fireman; but the boy would not, because the voice was a strange one, and he had no confidence in the man who spoke to him.

Then the father made the fireman come down, and went up the ladder himself. "My boy," he said, "you know me, don't be afraid, let yourself drop into my arms, and I will be sure to catch you." The boy was no longer afraid, for he trusted his father. He did exactly as he was told, and was soon safe on the ground.

So, dear friends, should we in like manner trust our Heavenly Father.

There are many trials in this world, many difficulties, many sorrows, which often make us afraid as the boy was afraid when the house took fire, and all alone in the top room, he saw no way of escape. But we have a Father above who loves us; we have a Saviour who died for us; let us trust Him and we need not fear. He knows what is best for us. Even when death approaches, and we feel this world going away from us, and know that soon we must let all go, our hearts need not be troubled, for "underneath are the everlasting arms," and into them we shall fall, and they shall bear us up, and we shall be safe in the arms of Jesus throughout all eternity.

And now, one word more. Jesus has this day called a little child and set her in the midst of us. We have seen her received into Christ's Church, made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven. Now this service should remind us all that we, too, have been received into the Church of Christ. We, too, have promised to renounce the devil and all his works, to believe all the articles of the Christian faith, and to obey God's holy will and commandments. When we leave this church and go each to our own homes let us again think of all these vows and promises of which God has this day reminded us, by bringing this little infant into His Church to be baptized before us. Asking His pardon for what we have neglected, for what we have done amiss, and grace that for the future we may lead more holy, more godly lives, until at length we shall come to that blessed and happy home which our Saviour Christ has gone to prepare for all who love and serve Him.

—Lorenzo Munoz Lacerna, aged 17, a Spanish-Guatemalan employee, arrived in New York on the 16th inst. and was found dead the next day in his room in the Hotel Espanol, he having blown out the gas, instead of turning it down.

—A fire in the building occupied by Wing & Son, piano-forte manufacturers, and Goettmann & Boettinger, manufacturers of trimmings, the first floor being used for a barber's shop, and larger beer saloon, caused a loss of \$12,000, of which \$8,000 falls upon King & Son.

—The Government of Guatemala invites immigration, and grants assistance, both in money and lands, to settlers; but requires that such immigrants shall renounce their nationality and all rights as foreigners before leaving their mother country. After a year's residence and good conduct in Guatemala, the Government will give them a certificate of citizenship.

—An old man named Yopp, while gathering water-cresses near Trenton, N. J., mired in a swamp, and, being alone and unable to extricate himself, continued gradually to sink deeper for twenty hours, till his little dog, which had accompanied him to the swamp, managed to attract the attention of a woman, who followed him to the spot. She called her husband, and it took them both several hours to rescue the sinking man. He was taken to their home and given the best of care, but was so far overcome from fright and exhaustion that he lived only for a day or two after having been rescued.

Summary of Foreign Deaf-Mute News.

[From Rev. Samuel Smith's Magazine.]

THE NATIONAL DEAF AND DUMB SOCIETY.

In consequence of there being no quorum at the Committee's meeting of 14th ult., it had to be adjourned. James Paul, the Secretary of the above Society, is at present engaged in arranging for a proposed annexation of the Paisley Society to the Glasgow Mission, and will lay the petition of the deaf and dumb of the former town, before the sub-Committee of the Glasgow Mission to be held on the 5th inst.

DEAF AND DUMB OF DUMFRIES.

The following is an extract from the "Congregational Report" of Greyfriars' Parish Church, Dumfries, 1877:—"It may be interesting to the congregation to know that a small congregation of deaf and dumb meet in the Presbyterian house every Sunday during the time of the afternoon service. A member of the congregation (Mr. John Henderson,) who has had long experience with the deaf and dumb, conducts the service, which appears to be much appreciated by those for whom it is intended."

PICTURES BY A DEAF AND DUMB ARTIST.

(1) In the Royal Manchester Institution (1878)—No. 822, "Robinson's Bank, Smithy Door" (Water Colours). F. L. Taver. (2) White's Autumn Exhibition of Water Colours.—No. 511, "Old Houses, Greengate, Salford." Frederick Lawrence Taver. "Robinson's Bank, an old building, was demolished in 1874."—Vide The Manchester City News, Saturday, September 29, 1877. "Manchester Banks and Bankers." Chapter xxv. and Last. "Mr. John Robinson, founder of the firm of Robinson, Coryton & Co., commenced business in old Smithy Door as a tea merchant and dealer in bullion. This was about 1861. In 1865 Mr. William Newbold Coryton became a partner. Three years afterwards Mr. Robinson died, and now Mr. Coryton conducts the business at 49 Deansgate."

AN INTERESTING ITEM TO THE DEAF-MUTE WORLD.

The annual meeting of the London Deaf and Dumb Debating Society was held on Wednesday last, at St. Saviour's Church (Rev. St. Smith), in the lecture hall, 272 Oxford Street, when there were more than 50 deaf-mutes present. After the opening of the debates for the third session was unanimously resolved upon, and then declared open by the president, T. Davidson, Esq., the members of the committee were elected:—President, T. Davidson, Esq., Vice-Presidents, R. M. Holme, Esq., M. P. Cant, Esq.; members of the Committee, Messrs. Argent, Maguire, Moore, Pownall, and Weber; and the honorary secretaryship unanimously fell upon Mr. E. South without dissent. They all returned thanks in appropriate terms. The subject for discussion on Wednesday, 9th ult., was, "Is the Indian Government justified in going to war with Afghanistan?" The result of the debate was ayes, 33; noes, 5; neutral, 2.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

On Wednesday evening, September 4th, a meeting of the deaf and dumb of Newcastle-on-Tyne and Gateshead was held in the room of the Temperance Society, which is in connection with the Northumberland and Durham Religious Mission to the Adult Deaf and Dumb. Mr. C. G. Armstrong, the President of the above named Society, and also one of the preachers to the deaf and dumb, has kindly lent a room to them for a while for the purpose of lecturing, &c. During the month of September the following lectures were delivered:—"The effects of alcoholic drinking," Rev. Mr. Tylder; "Teetotalism and Intemperance," Mr. Balam, which caused much laughter, and appeared to be very much appreciated by all who were present. "The Scripture word of counsel for the young men and women, and Intemperance," Mr. W. W. Matheson. An excellent lecture was given by Mr. C. W. Hutchinson, one of the preachers to the deaf and dumb, on Wednesday, the 2d October, on his recent journey to Italy, with highly interesting experiments, which will be continued on the 16th inst. The meetings were large; the numbers of attendants are increasing weekly, and several of them have signed the teetotal pledge. The proceedings were opened with prayer by the preachers to the deaf and dumb in turns. After some experiments the meetings were brought to a close with the usual votes of thanks.

CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

Through the kindness of a few friends of this institution the children were glad to have a pleasant trip to Caswell on Thursday, 19th September. The number of pupils at present on the books is thirty-six, all of whom, with the exception of two, who are at home, took their outing with a peculiar enjoyment. The natural condition of these children is one of private and seclusion; and, besides one who is totally blind and another who is crippled, there are many of them of very tender years, who left their homes not two months ago to enter upon their first experience of disciplinary training and instruction in the institution. Mr. John Dixon generously granted a free pass to and from the Mumbles for the pupils, officials, and attendants. On the arrival of the party at the Mumbles, all the donkeys at the place were requisitioned to convey the juveniles to the scene of the picnic, the rest of the party proceeding on foot. An excellent and plentiful dinner was partaken of early in the day, after which fun and exploration proceeded till evening, when the children

had their tea with liberal supplies of cake, &c. For the homeward journey, two waggons and the donkeys were in waiting, and carried a large proportion of the party to the Oystermouth Station. All reached home in safety about 8 P. M.

NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

WEST RANDOLPH, VT., Nov. 18, 1878. MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Being the guest of Mr. Willard E. Martin, a fine deaf-mute farmer of this picturesque place, I avail myself of a few hours' leisure to write you a letter about my trip from Amherst to this place.

After leaving Amherst, on Monday evening, I met, on my flying route, my good friends Mr. and Mrs. Homer Black, Mr. Welch, Mr. V. B. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Head, and Mr. Allison, all of whom I found in good health and fine spirits.

If I had time I would certainly have stopped over at Enfield, N. H., not only to visit Mr. Flavius Packard, but also to see the Snakers, out of curiosity. They have a neat village of their own at the foot of the Green Mountains. I hope I shall have that pleasure next spring on my return from the South. I stopped over here last Saturday at 3 o'clock P. M. to keep the Sabbath day.

On my arrival I was told that Mr. Martin had gone hunting. So I waited till his return, and he seemed glad to meet and welcome the writer. He said he came very near killing four or five partridges at one shot, but unfortunately he brought but one down to the ground. He said he once killed eleven crows at a single shot. He must be a first rate marksman. He has a very fine speaking wife, who can spell on her fingers almost as fast as we can. I cannot help being inclined to think that deaf-mutes who have large farms should have speaking wives. Mr. Martin lives on a fine farm, with his kind-hearted widowed mother, and energetic speaking brother, whom I call a happy old bachelor.

Last night a service for deaf-mutes, was held in St. John's Church, in the village, by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, the rector, and the writer. The deaf-mutes present were Mr. Willard E. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand A. Beecher, and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Lillie, all graduates of the American Asylum. I am glad to say that they are an honor to the asylum, for they conduct themselves properly. Mr. Lillie is called a splendid watch and clock-maker, for he always succeeds in putting in excellent order watches and clocks which other watch-makers cannot do.

The rector read a short Episcopal service to his speaking congregation, and the writer interpreted it to the deaf-mutes present. Then the writer discoursed on "Seeking the Lord" from Isaiah 55:6, the text being "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near." The rector read it while the writer signed it. After the service, we, the deaf-mutes, repaired to Mr. Beecher's house to enjoy social conversation. There we dispersed, having had a good time. Mrs. Martin has shown me a small jar, said to be 300 years old. I expect to be in Montreal in a day or two. Yours sincerely, JOB TURNER.

—Deputy Revenue Collector James Tierney, who has charge of Richmond county, N. Y., while hunting near Clifton discovered a small apparently coming from a still. He followed up the scent and came upon a one-story frame structure almost hidden in the meadows near the South Beach. Marshal Harlow, of Brooklyn, was notified and a number of revenue officers made a descent on the place, arrested four men and took them to the Brooklyn jail, but they refused to give their names. The still, which was destroyed, was of a capacity of about 400 gallons. Twenty mash-tubs, two barrels of rum, and ten barrels of molasses were seized. It is thought that the still was run by residents of Brooklyn.

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